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The Impromptu Marriage.

"For heaven's sake, Susy, do be serious, if you can, for five minutes. Pray, pray, cease this trifling, which is but cruel playing with my feelings, and let us treat this subject as it deserves, soberly and seriously."

"Well, then, then," cried the laughing, black-eyed girl to whom Charles Westery spoke. "There, then, is that grave enough? See, the corners of my mouth down, and my eyes rolled up, and I am as sober as a patient who has caught sight of the dentist's instrument. Do I suit you so?"

"You suit me anyhow, and you know it well, you witch!" cried Charles, gazing with a smile at the pretty face puckered up in its affectation of demureness. But he was not to be driven from his point, as he resumed gravely, after a pause—"The time has come, Susy, when I feel I have a right to demand an explicit answer to my suit. You have trifled with my earnest feelings long enough. I have grown restless under my fetters."

"Shake them off, then Charles!" interrupted the saucy girl, with a defiant toss of her head, which said, "I defy you to do it."

"I cannot, Susy, and you know it," replied the hapless lover impatiently.

"That being the case," said Susy, "take my advice—wear them gracefully and don't pull and jerk so, it only makes them hurt you."

The young man turned away, and walked up and down the room, evidently fretting and fuming internally. Susy, meantime, looked out of the window and yawned. Charles continued his moody walk.

"Oh!" what a beautiful bird is on the lilac tree!" cried Susy, suddenly. "Do you come and see it?"

Charles mechanically approached the window and looked out.

"Don't you think, Charles," said Susy, trying her hand on his arm, and looking up eagerly in his face, "don't you think you could manage to—"

"What, Susy?" asked Charles, all his tenderness awakened by her manner. "What?"

"Drop a pinch of salt on his back!" returned the provoking girl, with an affectation of simplicity; for then, you know, you could easily catch it?"

His answer was to turn angrily away. His walk this time was longer than before, and his cogitations were more earnest; for he did not need any of Susy's artfully artless devices to allure his notice. At last he stepped abruptly before her, and said:

"Stay, for three long years without either confession of love or promise of marriage on your part. Often as I have demanded to know your sentiments towards me, you have always coquettishly refused me an answer. This state of things must cease. I love you better than my life; but I will no longer be your plaything. To-morrow you are going away, to be absent for months, and if you cannot, this very day, throw aside your coquetry, and give me an honest yes for an answer, I shall consider that I have received a 'no' and act accordingly."

"And how would that be? What would you do?" asked Miss Susy, curiously.

"Begin by tearing your false, worthless smile from my heart," cried Charles, furiously.

"It would be a curious piece of business, Charles; and you would not succeed either," said Susy.

"Should and would succeed," said Charles, "as you will see, if you wish, my heartless girl!"

"But I don't wish, Charles, dear—I love deeply to have you love me," said Susy.

"Why, then," cried the foolish youth, quite won over again, "why then, dearest Susy, will you not consent?"

"Remember, I said I liked to be loved," replied Susy; "I did not say anything about loving. But pray, how did you say you had been courting me, in that pretty little speech of yours?"

"Three long years," replied Charles.

"Nearly and accurately quoted, Charles. But you know my cousin Rachel was only won after five years' courtship. You don't suppose I am going to rate myself any cheaper than she did, do you? Suppose we drop this tiresome subject for two years; perhaps, by that time I may be able to work myself up to the trifling-in-love point—there is no knowing what wondrous time may effect."

"If you are not in love now, you never will be," returned C. sturdily; "and I will have my answer now or never."

"Never, then," laughed Susy. But she had gone a step too far. Her often severely tried lover was now too much in earnest to bear trifling any longer.

"Never be it, then!" he cried; and, seizing his hat he strode from the room.

Susy listened to his receding footsteps with dismay. Had she, indeed, by her incoherent love coquetry, lost him? It smote her to the soul to think so. As she heard him open the front door, impelled by a feeling of despair, she raised the window sash, and, leaning forward, whispered:

"Charles, Charles! you will be at the boat to-morrow to bid me good bye, won't you? Surely we are still friends."

As she spoke she tore a rose from her bosom and threw it to him. It lodged on his arm, but he brushed it away as though it had been poison, and passed on without looking up.

Susy spent the remainder of the day in tears. Early the next day the bustle of departure began. Susy was going to accompany her widowed invalid mother on a trip for her health. As they reached the wharf and descended from the carriage, Susy's eyes made themselves busy searching for a wished-for face; but it was nowhere to be seen.

The steambot lay panting and puffing, seemingly impatient to be let loose. Susy's mother, aided by the servant man who accompanied them had already crossed the gangway which lay between the wharf and the boat, and Susy was reluctantly following, when the sound of a voice behind her—the very voice she had longed to hear—startled her. She turned to look round, and missing her footstep, fell into the water.

Another instant and Charles had thrown off his coat, and calling out loudly, "Tell the captain not to allow the wheel to stir, and to lower me a rope!" he sprang into the water. But of her whom he was risking his life to save, he was unable to perceive any trace.

Judging that the current of the river might have carried her a little forward, he swam around the wheel but still he saw her not, and despair seized his heart as he conjectured that she might be under the boat. He strained his eyes to see through the water, and at length discerned, far below the surface, what seemed the end of a floating garment lodged between the wheel and the rounded bottom of the boat.

If it were indeed the case of the unfortunate girl, the least movement of the wheel must inevitably crush her, and Charles, in his terror, fancied it was already beginning to turn. He dived and clutched at the garment, but missed it. He rose panting and almost exhausted; but scarcely waiting to get breath, he again plunged below. This time his efforts were rewarded with success, at least so far that he was able to bring Susy's form to the surface of the water; but she seemed totally lifeless. Charles was now so nearly exhausted that he had only sufficient presence of mind left to clasp Susy convulsively to him while he kept himself afloat by holding on to the wheel.

But this, his last hope of support, seemed also to fail him, soon he perceived that it was really beginning to turn slowly round. By a desperate effort he struck his foot against one of the paddles so as to push himself as far from the danger as possible. As he did so, something touched his head, and his hand grasped a rope. New life seemed now infused into him. He gathered all his energies, and fastened the rope round Susy's waist—consciously entirely forsaking him. In the meantime the witnesses of the scene, after giving Charles' instruction to the Captain, had watched his struggles and exertions with breathless interest. The friendly rope had been flung to him again and again, but in the excitement of his feelings, and his semi-sensibility, he had been incapable of availing himself of the proffered aid.

At last, perceiving that he was quite exhausted, and must inevitably soon let go his hold on the wheel, and then probably sink to rise no more, the captain judged it best to run the risk of moving off, so that a small boat could be sent to the rescue. The result of this hazardous experiment was successful. Susy was raised by means of the rope, and a boat reached C. in time to save him also.

Both sufferers were taken on board the steambot, which now moved off to make up for lost time.

And thus, when our hero regained his consciousness he found himself many miles from home. Of course his first anxious inquiry was for Susy, and when informed that she was recovering, his happiness seemed complete. He showed his contentment by falling into a deep quiet sleep.

About sunset a message came to him that Miss B— desired to see him. He found her lying on a sofa in the captain's state-room, which had been given up to her. She looked very pale, and somewhat suffering, but she held out her hand to him very gratefully, while the tears stood in her eyes.

"Charles," said she, without uttering a word of thanks, I want to see a clergyman. Is there one on board?"

"I will go and see," said Charles, moving to the door; but a dreadful thought striking him, he turned, exclaiming, "Susy, you do not think that—"

"That I am going to die?" said she, anticipating him. "No, Charles; but I want to see a clergyman."

Charles went, and soon returned, accompanied by a minister.

"I thank you, sir, for coming to me," said she to the latter as he entered. "I have a strange request to make of you. Would you object, sir, in the presence, and with the consent of my mother, to unite me to that gentleman?"

If the minister was astonished at this request, Charles was infinitely more so.

"What did you say, Susy?" said he.

"Did I hear aright?"

"I believe so," said Susy, smiling at his eager amazement. "Does the scheme meet your approval?"

"It was heaven-inspired," cried the poor fellow, frantic with joy—but a shade coming over his radiant face, he added, gravely, "But, Susy, have you considered? Remember I want your love, not your gratitude. I will not be satisfied with nothing less."

"Do not be concerned about that, dear Charles," replied Susy, gazing at him very tenderly through her tears; "be assured you have them both, and had the first long, long before the last."

"But, Susy, you said only yesterday—"

"Never mind what I said yesterday," interrupted Susy, with some of her old spirit breaking out. "Just mind what I say to-day. If I was a fool once, is that any reason I must be one always?" But, indeed, Charles, she added, more softly, "I have always meant to be your wife—the only scruple I have is that I am not good enough for you."

It is needless to say how the discussion ended. The reader has already divined that C. continued his journey; and thus in the course of one eventful day he risked a life, saved a life and made an impromptu marriage, and set out on a most unexpected wedding trip.

TWO SHARP.—An enterprising business man of this city runs two branches of trade, to-wit: a grocery and a fish market. The grocery he runs himself, the fish market by a deputy, and every night the latter makes returns of the proceeds of the day's business to the proprietor.

A day or two since the grocer found in his fish market returns a counterfeit five dollar bill. He didn't like to lose it, and he didn't quite want to take the chances of trying to pass it. So he called an old darkey who was hanging about the premises, and said to him:

"Sam, here's a five dollar bill that's a little doubtful. If you will take it and pass it, I'll give you a dollar out of the change."

"Very well," said Sam, and he took the bill and went off. Later in the day he returned, having accomplished the feat, and handed over four dollars in good money to the grocer.

That night the grocer, in counting over the cash returns from his market was more surprised than delighted to find the identical five in the pile.

"Look here," said he, sharply to his market clerk, "here's a counterfeit bill—who did you take it of? Didn't you know 'twas bad?"

Clerk took it and looked at it for a moment.

"Oh, yes," said he, "I remember now; I took it of Sam, the darkey. I thought it was a little doubtful, and wasn't going to take it, but he said he got it of you, so I thought it was all right."

Further explanation was unnecessary. —Hartford Post.

Blowing the Whistle.

A "Yankee story," heard by us some two years ago in England, may not be new to our readers, since the "texture" seems to show the cis-Atlantic loom. In our opinion, however, it is so good that we are tempted to give it at the risk of its being a repetition.

An American—a veritable "Down-Easter," and not to be mistaken for any other stripe—was riding in an English railway carriage, his sole companion being an Englishman, equally unmistakable as a typical "John Bull." They were strangers to one another, and had traveled some five miles or more without a word passing between them.

"The whistle" was heard; interrupting their unsocial meditations; when the Yankee, whose curiosity could not any longer be kept in restraint, asked what it was.

"Aw—aw!" yawned the British—"Signal we are gawing to stop at a station."

Jonathan craned his neck out of the window, but could see no signs of a station. He said to his traveling companion.

"I don't see it."

"Of course you can't see it," was the reply. "It's more than five miles from here. Our railways make such speed, it is absolutely necessary to sound the signal five miles off, to give the engineer time to stop off his steam, put on the break, and suspend the motion. I presume you don't make such speed on the other side of the Atlantic?"

"Wall, stranger," somewhat tartly rejoined Jonathan, seeing that his nationality was discovered, "we make considerable time 't'other side too. We tried the whistle, but it wouldn't do now; I distinctly remember traveling on a train between Boston and the Green Mountains of Vermont, on which was a conductor who depended on his whistle. Wal, as we were streaking along, we seed 'bout ten miles ahead a team of oxen and a wagon with their driver whippin' 'em across the rails. Our conductor ordered the loudest kind of a screech put on the whistle; and that was the last thing I heard 'ceptin' a all fired smash, that knocked sound out of my ears, and day-light out of my eyes. I reckon I mus' a been dead for more'n five minutes."

"When I kin to my senses agin, I seed the wagon lyin' on the railway track broke up into spokes, the oxen knocked into squash, and the driver lyin' dead on the top of 'em. And besides the hol of the railway cars war off the track; the passengers crushed and squirmen, and the conductor lyin' close by the engine, looking as if he had been drawn and quartered. Jest at that minute the whistle he'd ordered to be sounded 'bout ten miles back came past; but it came too late. Yes, stranger; we tried the thing in the States. It wouldn't do. It wa'n't quick enough; and we are now using electric lights."

John Bull, who as a matter of course was provided with a Times newspaper, made no rejoinder; but unfolding the broad sheet, and raising it so as to hide his ruddy face, remained absorbed in its contents during the rest of the journey.

PUT A HOLE THROUGH IT.—One night Gen. — was out on the line. He observed a light on the mountain opposite. Thinking it was a signal light of the enemy, told his artillery officer that a hole could easily be put through it. Whereupon the officer, turned to the corporal in charge of the gun, said:

"Corporal, do you see that light?"

"Yes, sir."

"Put a hole through it."

The corporal sighted the gun, and, when all was ready, he looked up and said:

"General, don't you see that light?"

"Yes, sir."

"Put a hole through it."

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"Yes, sir."

"Put a hole through it."

Josh Billings on Biles.

Biles are the sorest things of their size on record, and as kross tew the touch as a setting hen, or a dog with a fresh bone. Biles alwas pick out the handiest place on your body to bide their nest, and if you undertake to brake them up, it only makes them mad and takes them longer to hatch out. There aint no sutch thing as coaxing, nor driving them away. They are like an impudent bed bug, they won't move, till they hav got their fill.

Biles are as old as religion. Job, the profit, was the first clumpion ov biles, and he is currently reported tew have more biles, and more pashunace to the square inch, than enny one, two very rare things to be found in enny man.

Biles are very sassy; suntimes when yer go to set down they will get between yer and the chair; that iz one evidence of their ill breeding, and I had one once plant herself on the front end ov mi noze, which has a most remarkable piece ov bad manners, for there iz no room on mi nose ennywhere for a bile, for when it is ebb tide with my noze, it covers half of my face. Biles are sed tew be helthy, and I guess they am, for I hev seen sum helthy old biles, as big as a hornet's nest and as full ov stings. I alwas want to be helthy—I am willing tew pay the highest market price for a good deal of helthy—but if I had to have 2 biles on me, awl the time, in order to be helthy, I should think that I was bulling the market.

There is one more smart thing about biles; they are like twins; they hardly ever kum singly, and I hav known them throw double sixes.

What! twelve biles on one man at a time? This is was than fighting bunble bees with your summer clothes on.

Biles are sed, by the educated and correct spellers of the land, to be an operashun ov macher to get rid of something wich she wants to spare. This is so, without doubt, but it don't strike me as being a very polite thing in macher to shuv oph her bile onto other folks. I say, let everybody take care of their own biles.

There is a time in their career when the konsentrate and the pathos ov joy that a man has on hand to spare, and that iz—when they bust! This is the calm after the storm; the wedding day of patience and joy; this iz the christening of hope, the mistick hen that lays 2 eggs a day; this is butter on your saggases.

Exit biles.

RESPONSIBILITY.—A young man in Virginia had become sadly intemperate. He was a man of great capacity, fascination, and power, but he had a passion for brandy which nothing could control. Often in his walks a friend remonstrated with him in vain; as often in turn would he urge his friends to take the social glass. On one occasion the latter agreed to yield to him, and as they walked up to the bar together, the bar-keeper said:

"Gentlemen, what will you have?"

"Wine, sir."

The glasses were filled, and the friends stood ready to pledge each other in renewed and eternal friendship, when he paused and said to his intemperate friend:

"Now if I drink this glass and become a drunkard, will you take the responsibility?"

The drunkard looked at him with severity, and said:

"Set down that glass."

It was set down and the two walked away without saying a word.

Oh! the drunkard knows the awful consequences of the first glass. Even in his own madness for liquor, he is not willing to assume the responsibility of another's becoming a drunkard.

What if the question were put to every dealer, as he asks for his license and pays money: "Are you willing to assume the responsibility?" How many would say, if the love and gain of money did not rule, "Take back your license?"

EXHIBITING CALVES.—Now that the strong-minded women propose so seriously to wear trousers or pantalons, fashion is seeking to revive for men's wear, in England, the old style of knee-breeches. Not a bad idea for well-limbed gentlemen, but what are the spindle shanked to do, unless they take lessons in padding from the ladies of the "nude drama?" In that case, calf-dressing will not be confined, as an art, to the veal butchers.

RECOVERY OF A LOST DIAMOND RING THROUGH THE DREAM OF A NEGRO GIRL.—A few nights ago, a lady, while taking a pleasure walk with her infant child along Jefferson street, lost a valuable diamond ring from her finger in some unaccountable way. Diligent and extensive search was made throughout the neighborhood, but without any clew to the ring, and the lady gave it up as gone "for good and all." Before daylight the following morning the lady was surprised by the calls of her nurse, a small negro girl. On being admitted to her mistress, the girl, who had not heard of the ring being lost, said she had just had a dream, in which she was apprised when, where and how the jewel had been lost, and that if allowed she felt sure she could find it. She then described the place and manner in which the ring disappeared, and begged her mistress to go with her and test the dream. This strange circumstance was made known to the house hold, but all treated it with the utmost incredulity. It was afterward concluded to humor the girl, however, and she and several white members of the family proceeded to the designated spot, more than 100 yards from the house. Here the dreamer told her mistress that as directed in her dream, she must drop another ring, and it would roll as a guide to the missing one. A plain gold ring was handed the girl; she let it fall, and sure enough it rolled and stopped within two inches of the lost diamond ring, which had got into a crevice between two bricks of the pavement. It may be imagined that the ring-hunters were somewhat astounded at the miracle. They did not pause to inquire whether or not the girl was influenced by the anticipated eclipse, but she obviously eclipsed all the little niggers they had seen. Her own astonishment was greater than that of all the rest. Our informant avows that there is not the least fiction about this curious dream and its lucky result. —Louisville Courier-Journal.

THE DANCE.—What a strange thing this dancing is, after all, when you look at it from a philosophical, or, if you please, unsophisticated point of view. The other day, Insulanus asked a lady how it came to pass that the entrance upon the floor of the ball-room made such a wonderful change in her usual manners and habits. She asked him what he meant, as she did not understand. He asked her, "Suppose I introduced you to a friend of mine, a stranger, and he would not only take your hand, but put his arm around you, what would you do?" You may imagine her look and answer. What would she do? All our lady readers know what they would do, and what the father, husband, or brother of such a lady would do. "But," said Insulanus, "as soon as you enter the room of the 'shop' or ball, you permit a stranger who is introduced to you at the time, not only to take your hand, but to put his arm around your waist, and to sail around the room with you in the giddy mazes of the dance, and your father, brother, and husband think it all right?"

TRIPLTS TO A YOUTHFUL MOTHER. A correspondent of the Savannah Republican, writing from Scriven county, gives the following:

A good lady acquaintance of mine Mrs. B., of this county, gave birth a few days ago to three fine, healthy boys which up to this time, are doing finely, and give every promise of being raised, and possibly growing into great men. The fact that the good lady is only some fifteen summers old, and this being the first time she has given birth, and that her mother gave birth at a like tender age, may be considered remarkable and to the scientific men interesting. A wagish friend suggests that with this unusual arrival in Scriven, there is certainly something ahead, probably squalls.

PORK FROM A BUSHEL OF CORN.—The Country Gentleman says that an experimenter, J. B. Lewis, obtained 100 pounds of pork from seven bushels of corn, or one pound of pork from 4 1/2 pounds corn; the grain was ground and moistened with water before feeding—Nathan A. Morgan, of Union Springs, by wetting his meal with five times its weight of hot water, and letting it stand twelve to eighteen hours before feeding, obtained 1 pound of pork from 2 1/2 pounds of corn. Doubtless different results would be obtained from different breeds of swine.

Analysis of the Bible.

The following analysis of the Old and New Testaments is taken from an exchange; it will no doubt be interesting to our readers.

Books in the Old Testament, 39
Chapters, 929
Verses, 23,214
Words, 592,439
Letters, 2,758,100
Books in the New Testament, 27
Chapters, 260
Verses, 7,969
Words, 181,253
Letters, 838,380
The Apocrypha has 183 chapters, 6081 verses, 152,185 words.

Whole number of words in the Bible, 3,718,655.

The middle chapter, and the least in the Bible, is 1st Sam 117.

The middle verse is the 8th of Psalm 117.

The word "and" occurs in the Old Testament 35,543 times.

The same in the New Testament also occurs 10,643 times.

The word Jehovah occurs 6855 times.

The middle book of the Old Testament is Proverbs.

The middle chapter is Job 29.

The middle verse is 2d Chronicles, chapter 20, 17th verse.

The least verse is 1st Chronicles, chapter 1, and 1st verse.

The middle book in the New Testament is 2d Thessalonians.

The middle chapters are Romans 13 and 14.

The middle verse is Acts 17, 17th verse.

The least verse is John 9, 35th verse.

The 21st verse, chapter 1, of Ezra, has all the letters of the alphabet.

The 19th chapter of 2d Kings, and chapter 37 of Isaiah, are both alike.

A YOUNG MAN TAKES A TWO YEARS NAP, AWAKENS, AND ASKS, "IS BREAKFAST READY?"—We are informed that a young man living in the lower part of this County was taken sick about two years ago, and fell into a deep sleep, from which he only awoke about two weeks since. The first expression he made use of on coming to, was, "Is breakfast ready?" Just as though he had been asleep but one night. A physician had been attending on him all the time, and happened in just after he awoke. On walking up to the bed, he called the patient by name, remarking that "You must feel better, as your cheeks have more color;" to which he replied, by asking, "Who are you?" On being informed that he was a physician who had been attending him constantly for two years, he could hardly believe his senses. During his sleep he was fed regularly with spoon victuals, as though he was conscious. He is now up, enjoying good health, and busily engaged in trying to get the events of the last two years posted up in his mind, that he may unite them with the past and present. He has a distinct recollection of everything up to the time of his going to sleep. We have heard no explanation of this case of Rip Van Winkleism.

[Madison (Ind.) Courier, 28th ult.]

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.—A man named Price, from Greene county, Va., attempted suicide at the Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs, a few days ago, by cutting his throat with a razor on the lawn. An account in the Alexandria Gazette says:

There were a number of persons in full view, but the attention of Gov. Wise was first attracted to what the man was really attempting. Gen. R. L. Walker and others at once ran to him and snatched the razor from his hand. His throat was very seriously lacerated, but it is not thought that death will result. The unhappy man had brought here for exhibition a stone with the print of a child's foot on it, found some time ago in Madison county. But as few persons had sufficient curiosity to see it to pay for the privilege, the adventure was unprofitable. The disappointment, with perhaps unknown causes besides, led to the desperate attempt.

A young girl, named Daily, about 15 years of age was raped in Benton County, Indiana, several days ago and died from the effects of her injuries. The man, whose name our exchange does not give, subsequently suicided, by taking poison, upon hearing of the death of the poor girl he had cruelly outraged.